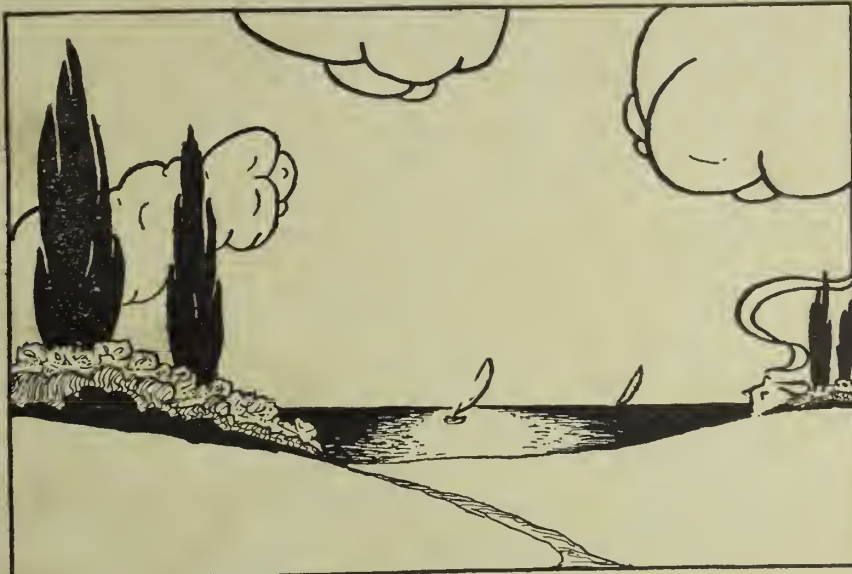


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ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL RECORD

Volume XXXVIII

No. 5

March, 1923

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P. A. COLLINS ANNEX
NATHAN NASON, '26



Since the beginning of this country, it is to the West we have looked for progress. The latest development is in school administration. Although started only a few years ago, it has spread thru the entire West. Every month brings news of more schools which have adopted the system, and they speak of it in such favorable terms that there is a possibility of its being adopted by our school. In view of these facts, it is well that we should understand the principle of the new system.

In the first place, the advocates of the Honor System maintain that it is unfair for the boy who makes 80 points on C's to receive exactly the same diploma as the boy who makes his points on A's. They say that, since many colleges will accept any student who has received a high school diploma, many boys who are not fitted for the work enter college, and that there should therefore be some distinction made between the boys who easily earn all their points and those who barely get by.

To remedy this state of affairs, they propose that each course shall be given credit in two different ways: first, a credit based on satisfactory completion of the course; and second, a credit based on the degree of excellence of the work. That is, in what is now a five-point subject, five credits might be given as usual for work of C grade or better, and in addition one honor point for a C, two for a B, and three for an A. The requirements for graduation would be 80 or 100 solid credits, as now, and in addition a certain number of honor points. Boys making more than the required number of honor points would be graduated cum laude, magna cum laude, and summa cum laude.

There are drawbacks to this system, of course, and we cannot say whether

English High School will ever adopt it. But in the schools where it is enforced, it is very popular, and the National Honor Society adds new chapters every month.

* * * * *

"People will talk!"

How many great reforms have failed because of the fear that "People will talk!" Of course they will! People always scoff at what they cannot understand. But with the consciousness of having done right, what can one have to fear from the derision of the ignorant?

"Why don't you study at home if you cannot get along in school?" you might ask a fellow who is not progressing in his studies. His answer will probably be, "They laugh at me if I carry home a bagful of books." He doesn't stop to consider that they laughed at Fulton when he said he could make a boat go without sails or oars; that they laughed at Haynes and his "horseless carriage;" that they laughed at Jefferson when, foreseeing that some day the United States would be overcrowded, he purchased Louisiana; that they always have laughed, and perhaps always will laugh at the man who, knowing more than they, does something beyond their comprehension.

"People will talk?" Well, let them. Remember the old saying, hackneyed perhaps, yet none the less true: "Let your conscience be your guide." Doing right, you need have no fear of the taunts of those who scoff because they cannot understand.

—J. H. M.

* * * * *

Close your eyes, or keep them open, if that suits you better, and look upon this picture: A young man is flying down the street, spurning, with "ever quickening steps", the road, at the end of which stands the "little red school house". But his speed is all in vain, for he is late, late, late!

And again, see *this* picture, taken about a month later. The same young man is travelling the same street at the same late hour toward the same destination, in fact the two pictures are identical with but one or two exceptions. The young man no longer spurns the road with ever-quickenings pace, but rather, strides stolidly along with a seeming disregard for time or tide. Also, the young man no longer carries a bag filled to overflowing with books. He carries his hands in his pockets, and nothing at all in his hands.

That's what it does to you, this eternal lateness. It gives you a bad start in the day and befogs your brain. Lateness is a hard master, once allowed to gain the upper hand. It made the young man in the picture stop running, after a few tries at throwing off this Old Man of the Sea. In fact, lateness had got him and cowed him to a stage where he didn't care. And of course lateness has no time for books. Books mean useful time, and lateness is the ancient enemy of useful time.

When you once get a reputation for being late, it takes a lot of shaking to shake it. Also, "as the twig is bent the tree inclines", and a habit of lateness acquired in youth will stick right by you through middle age and may even make you late for your own funeral; who knows?

The best remedy, of course, is a good old Big Ben and the will-power to get up when it rings. After rising early a few mornings, you'll enjoy getting up before breakfast, and finally the books begin to come back, because your mind is not eternally fagged from rushing around.

You may ask what I know about it. Well, who knows, I may speak from—
er—experience.

—W. C. B.

"ON THE DOTTED LINE"

By Wallace C. Brittain '23

It was a straw that broke the camel's back, and so, also, it was a very little thing that brought poverty to the door of Joseph Ainslie and his son, Spence.

Joe Ainslie had, several years previous to the date at which this story opens, made a comfortable living for himself and his motherless son, and had, contrary to the general understanding concerning country-storekeepers, managed to "lay by" a few thousand dollars against the future. A simple, trusting, hardworking man, though careful of the money he spent on himself, he had a trait, strange in a country storekeeper if in anybody, of willingness to lend money to people and enterprises he reckoned deserving. And thereby hangs this tale:

Jarus W. Fitch had been a questionable character for years, and Joe Ainslie might have known better than to trust him. He was the kind of man who likes to chew his neighbor's tobacco, for reasons which may be made obvious by saying that his wife had died long since in an exhausting but vain effort to make him buy a rug for the front room of their pitiful little house on the outskirts of the village. He now lived in the kitchen of his little shanty (for to such it had reduced itself,) washed his dishes with the kind aid of the elements, and subsisted mainly on the contents of the free cracker-barrel at Joe Ainslie's store. In this mean little room Jarus W. plied his chosen profession. He was, he admitted, an inventor, and many a strange idea had been brought to an even stranger realization, under his hand. Among the children of his mind he numbered only one "invention" that really worked. This was a kind of vanishing ink, the original inventor of which had died long before Jarus had

started inventing. He would sit by the hour, watching his pet fluid first flood the page, then fade, and finally die away altogether.

There came a day when certain grave, important looking individuals rapped on the rickety door of Jarus' "laboratory-kitchenette", and, after suitable preliminary hemming, offered him, Jarus W. Fitch, ten thousand dollars outright for the meagre bit of land he called his own, saying that they (the important individuals) had absolute knowledge of oil deposits on said land. After he had sufficiently recovered to think clearly, Jarus flatly refused this, and a much better offer, and hied to Joe Ainslie for a conference. Putting it plainly, Fitch wanted Ainslie to invest five thousand dollars in an oil gusher which was to be erected on the former's land. This money was to be secured separately by a long-term note. In addition, Ainslie was to have a fifty percent. interest in the project and all resulting profits. This was to be secured by a separate agreement.

After assuring himself, in his all too trusting way, that things were really as rosy as painted, Joe Ainslie decided to make the plunge and put every cent of the earnings of years into the Fitch-Ainslie Oil Gusher Co. A long-term note was procured and a heavy-sounding agreement blank came thru the mail from Boston. (For all of which, Ainslie, of course, paid.) As to the actual signing of both articles, Jarus used his own pen and his own ink, and, in a very natural way, had the postmaster and his assistant, (witnesses to the agreement), sign with the same pen and ink. Joe Ainslie, like the trusting soul he was, immediately locked both papers

into his old safe and pitched wholeheartedly into the building and putting into operation of the gusher. Things cost more than had been expected, and by this time money was coming in (for, strange to say, the important-looking men had been right), he had borrowed money to the full value of his store and most of his house.

Jarus W. Fitch had, in the infancy of the "gusher" enterprise, spent most of his time nursing his pet inventions and overseeing operations. Immediately the gusher started to yield cold dollars, however, Jarus' attitude became very different. He forgot his inventions and started to boss Joe Ainslie around and show him where he really belonged, which turned out to be *out* of it, for Ainslie, driven to exasperation by the seeming shortness of Fitch's memory, finally determined to present him with their joint agreement.

Search as he might, however, he could find Jarus W. Fitch's signature attached to neither note nor agreement. The answer was, of course, "J. W. Fitch's Vanishing Ink."

It had made an old man of Joe Ainslie. It might have affected a less honest man differently, but the shock of finding, in a human being whom he had trusted as he trusted everyone, a veritable crook of the first water, had made him lose his grip on life and his faith in men. He sold his store, house and land, and with the little left after debts were paid, moved to Boston, where he drudged out his days clerking in a small booking house and shared two run-down rooms with his son, Spence.

It is really too bad so much has been said about the father, because this story has to do with the son. Only a few months past his eighteenth birthday, Spence had inherited a willingness to work, from his father, and a

vivid imagination, from his mother. A big, good looking, cheery faced youngster he was, in spite of his broken, gloomy father. He had heard, yea, had had sung in his ears morning and night, the story of the bad note, now nearly six years old and nearing maturity.

Jarus W. Fitch, it may be said, had prospered out of all proportion to his worth. He had made "good" money out of the gusher and just as it had started to fail had sold it to some unsuspecting person and put all his wealth into the safest securities he could find. He had grown a bald head and an unhealthy protuberance and still had a habit of squeezing every half dollar until the eagle flapped its wings. He steered clear of all solicitors for welfare societies as one might avoid a leper, rolled up all the rugs in the house so that the sun might not fade them, and rode in the street cars to avoid the expense of an automobile.

To come back to Spence. He had the ambition and the ability to go to college, and he was determined that part of that five thousand dollars should at least help him along. But how to get it? That was indeed the burning question. Without the signature of that crafty, crooked one, James W., not a penny could be collected.

The question became almost an obsession with Spence. He thought about it, dreamed about it, and conjured up a hundred different ways to get the money. He might go to Jarus' house some night, armed with a night stick, and in a second-story manner, get the money. Or he might forge the old skinflint's name to the note, or be a crook in ninety-eight other ways, but every scheme seemed to leave a bad taste in his mouth. Since his graduation from high school six months previous, Spence had been working in a downtown market. On a

cold morning in mid-February he was on his way to the market, hanging to a strap in a crowded street car. Suddenly, and with no apparent cause, he snapped out of the semi-comatose state most strap-hangers assume in a crowded car, uttered a startled ejaculation, forced his way down to the rear door, and inside of thirty minutes was standing before the employment manager of the Norfolk and Bristol Bus Co., applying for a job driving. For the benefit of the uninformed, the Norfolk and Bristol Bus Co. operates between Mattapan and Hyde Park. Drivers are hard to hold on this line. Therefore, the employment manager, after assuring himself that Spence could drive and drive well, signed him up, asking no embarrassing questions as to his age.

A week went by; a week in which, for eight long hours a day, Spence Ainslie drove a rattling, roaring "jitney" bus sixteen times over one of the worst roads in the country, stopped and started at least a hundred times, gave useless information to inquisitive dames, both young and—not so young, and did the few other things necessary in the life of a bus driver. He was almost ready to give up his "hunch" and go back to the market and a peaceful existence, when—along came Jarus W. Yes, the old devil, the old crook himself, came waddling to the curb, mounted the dangerous steps one at a time, puffed himself into the seat nearest the door and kicked because the fare was a nickel. And all the time Spence, —well Spence was feeling just fine. He waited five minutes for the bus to fill up, and then slammed the door shut, Jarus W. Fitch in his power! But did he run the car into the Mattapan National Bank, thus wrecking J. W., himself, and everyone else? Did he jump from his seat, grab the wheezy

old villain by the throat and punch him to a pulp? No. He merely drove his car as a good bus driver should; opening and shutting the door, making change and answering ladies' questions.

The trip was uneventful with one exception. At one point of the road, Spence nicked the rear mudguard of a shiny new limousine; which was wholly the limousine's fault for not turning out at the signal. The chauffeur of the big car, however, started to lose his self-control, and Spence, to be prepared to give evidence of his innocence of guilt, wrote out a little statement to that effect on the sheaf of paper every good bus driver should have, and passed it around among such passengers as had seen the accident. Jarus, who hated all automobiles "because they cost too much," signed his name with a grunt and a flourish and considered his duty done.

Nothing further happened on the trip and when the bus arrived at Everett Square, Jarus W. dismounted with many large blowings and paddled off down the street to visit his niece.

Immediately he was out of sight, Spence leaped from his seat, told the waiting driver he was sick and must go home, and hopped a car for Mattapan and from there, home.

As Spence Ainslie strode down the street toward "home" with the latest dance hit on his lips, he took from his coat pocket a sheaf of paper on the top sheet of which was some statement or other, and from beneath this top sheet he took first a sheet of carbon paper, and next, a certain note, the history of which we all know. Poor Jarus; he had signed away his eye-teeth because he thought that automobiles were too expensive!

And as to Spence's hunch. why, he always knew that Jarus W. Fitch had relatives in Hyde Park.



COMING!!!

PA-PA

MY CHILD

THE NATIONAL PLAY

FIFTEEN GAMES

WRITTEN BY "MIKE" DURAN

TECHNICAL DIRECTOR Roger L. McCann

DIRECTED BY FRED J. MURRAY

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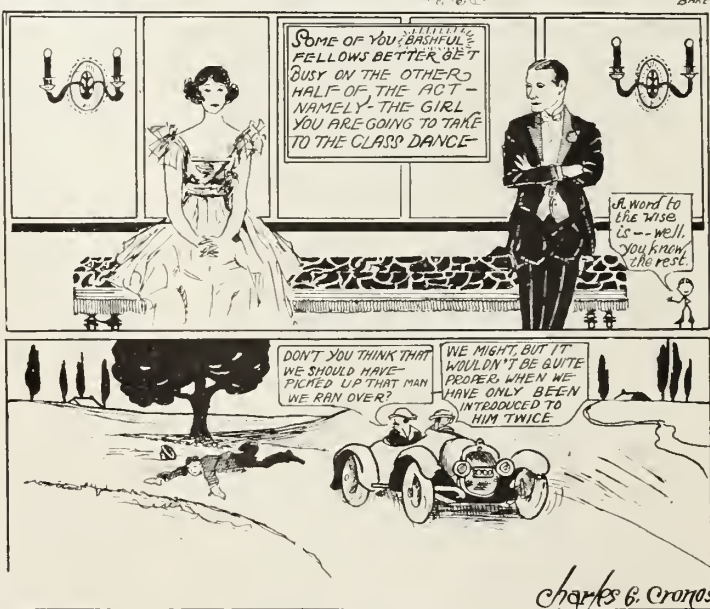
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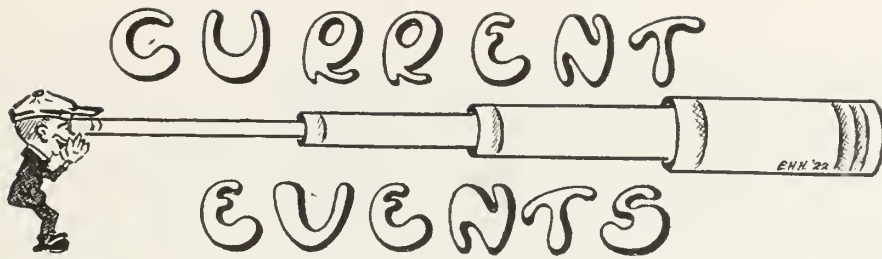
ALL DATES AND BALLS RESERVED

Released through English High School Assn

BASEBALL WAS INVENTED BY "POKEM CRASHEM IN BEANTOWN (Boston) IN 1888. THAT WAS THE FIRST TIME THAT AN UMPIRE WAS CALLED "PIETER". ALSO THE LAST TIME UP TO MARCH 4, 1923 AN UMPIRE WAS OUT IF ANYTHING HIT HIM. 700 BOTTLES GENERALLY USED THE BALL WAS MADE OF ROUND SAWDUST THE BASES WERE TALL HATS. "POLEN" MADE 3 BASES ONE TIME AT BAT AND THEY HANDED HIM FOR WITCHCRAFT. ISADORE MURPHY WAS THE FIRST PITCHER TO CURVE A WILD THROW. IT WAS SO WILD THAT THE CATCHER LOST HIS NOSE IN REACHING FOR IT THERE WERE 4 UMPIRES IN THE GAME THAT SEASON, ON THE THEORY THAT ONE OF THEM WOULD GUESS RIGHT. THE FIRST SHORT PANTS WERE WORN BY THE "JEFFERSON TINS" IN 1871. THAT WAS WHEN KNICKERS WERE FIRST PUT OUT BY MARK SCHAFNER AND HART. THAT ENTITLED THE PLAYERS TO HALF FARE WHILE TRAVELLING

(ENUF)





MAIN BUILDING

SCHOOL COUNCIL

At the School Council meeting on January 22, the report of the Room inspection committee was read.

A motion was passed which requires a report of Room inspections to be sent to all teachers, advising them of their rank among the rooms, and also calling their attention to the number of missing inkwells, and to other conditions needing improvements.

After a discussion on the report of the Athletic Committee, the matter of appointment of managers was referred back to the committee for further revision.

Then Nat Barrows, our peppy track manager and worthy Athletic editor, proposed a plan for increasing interest in athletics, whereby every letter man in the school would be obliged to wear his letter once a week.

The following committee was appointed to investigate the matter:

Donoghue (Chairman), Grey, and Whiteacre.

At the next meeting, which was held on February 5, the report of the athletic committee was accepted.

Chairman Donoghue reported for the committee on the development of school spirit.

The meeting adjourned at 3.00.

* * * * *

CURRENT EVENTS CLUB

A Magidson was the speaker at the meeting on January 8.

On January 15, Alfred S. Reinhart, secretary of the club, gave a very interesting talk on "Spanish in American Schools and Colleges." His well-delivered address was supplemented by a few remarks on the same theme by Mr. McCormick.

On January 22, Reinhart gave an extemporaneous talk on "Languages in the Schools."

It was shown that talks in this club are on current affairs, when on January 29, F. Znotas spoke on the "Franco-German Crisis."

A committee to assist in the choosing of speakers was appointed. It is composed of Titlebaum (Chairman), Zetterbaum and Holtz.

The debating committee is making arrangements for a series of debates between club members. Variety is something that enlivens any society, so this innovation ought to prove worthwhile.

The officers and members of the club would like to see more visitors at the meetings. Room 208 is the place, and the time, any Monday at 2.15.

ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL BANK



The total bank collection to Feb. 1st is \$2232.82, a gain of \$1411.21 over the same period last year. The largest deposit to date is \$100. Room 206 leads in the number of depositors. The classes in I 4 are working on graphs showing the present condition and comparison with the past from several angles.

SOPHOMORE ASSEMBLY

On February 8, 1923, a Sophomore assembly was held in the assembly hall. Mr. Downey opened the meeting at 9.08 A. M. with the reading of the Bible. On calling for the number of boys who did not know how to swim, Mr. Downey received a very large number. This shows that in case of a disaster at sea, how many boys who do not know how to swim might lose their lives. Mr. Downey narrated an account of the death of a young man who lost his life by not being able to swim four feet. The story brought out very forcefully the value of being able to swim. After being introduced to the boys, Captain Wallace of the American Red Cross gave a very clear and entertaining talk on "Life Saving On Water and Land." The boys were shown the method of breaking away from the clutch of a drowning person, how to attempt the rescue of a drowning person, and how to revive a person who has a large amount of water in his system. Next Captain Wallace explained the method of supporting a person with a sprained ankle in the easiest manner. How to rescue a person from a burning building was very clearly demonstrated to the boys. The tremendous applause that was given Captain Wallace must have shown him that the boys had truly *enjoyed* his live talk. Mr. Downey then requested the members of the Life Saving Corps who were present to report to the Drill Hall. The meeting adjourned at 9.40 A. M.

* * * * *

ATTENDANCE

Despite inclement weather conditions we managed to keep the percentage of attendance above the 90 percent. mark. However, there is room for improvement, for getting up a little earlier in the morning will make the percentage of attendance soar to the 99.99 percent. mark. In the attendance of January 1923, the Senior class leads as usual with 92.1 percent. Room 105 took the lead in the attendance of the Senior class, having 94.9 percent. The Junior class managed to hold their percentage of attendance above the 90 percent. mark. The average for the Junior class was 91.5 percent. Room 205 led the school with 96.5 percent. The Sophomores almost won a victory over the Juniors, but the highest percentage of attendance that they could attain was 91.1 percent. The average for the entire school was 92.2 percent.

CHESS AND CHECKER CLUBS

The checker club is still advancing and aims to out-distance its rival, the chess club. The latter, however, under the fast work of B. Reines, their manager, has had already two meets, one with Tech '26 and the other with the Faculty. The former was lost by the score of 4 to 2, and the latter by the total of 4 to 3. Mr. Leighton, Mr. Foley, Mr. Sylvester, and Mr. Keller, were the bright lights of the Faculty; while Reines, Ramberg, and Robinson, starred for the losers.

The checker club has already picked a team to represent English at its various contests. They are as follows: Reines (Captain), Barron, Rhinehart, Drake, and Stolnick, with the subs berth taken care of by Lapin and Silbert. Meets are being arranged for by Manager Rhinehart with the P. A. Collins Building, the Alumni, and the Faculty.

* * * * *

SCIENCE CLUB

An interesting meeting of the Science Club was held in Room 343 on January 29th. The speakers were Rhinehart and Carter. Rhinehart spoke on the Fourth Dimension. It seems that the science club has uncovered a man who understands Einstein's Theory of Relativity. Carter spoke on "Forecasting Weather with Relation to the Farmer". The science club is rapidly developing under the directorship of Mr. Card and Mr. Frazier. Visitors are always welcomed to its meetings.

* * * * *

THE BAND

Under the leadership of Mr. Connell, the Band is coming along in great style. The members aim to play at all important track meets. It plays up at the assembly hall every other Thursday morning, alternating with the orchestra. There is still room left for ambitious musicians-to-be. We cannot impress upon the Freshman too much, the advisability of joining the band now. Lessons on instruments are given free, and its up to the fellows to take advantage of this opportunity.

* * * * *

JUNIOR CLASS ELECTIONS

The final results of the election of Junior class officers were as follows:

President

Max C. Barron (168)
*Robert T. Grey (185)

Vice President

*Charles Hootstein (184)
Archie H. Silver (162)

Secretary-Treasurer

Henry H. Katzoff (168)
*David Romanow (174)

Executive committee

*Joseph Werby (205)
John H. Murphy (167)
Harold Farber (134)
*Sydney L. Rosenthal (171)

[*Elected]

* * * * *

ORCHESTRA AND BAND

You may have noticed, or you may have heard, that the band now alternates with the orchestra in furnishing the music at our Thursday assemblies.

However, no matter which plays when you're at our assembly, you are assured of a musical treat.

Personally, if we have a math test right after assembly, we like the martial sound of drum and bugle to put us on edge, but when there's a study period coming, oh, there is nothing like the dreamy music of a well-trained orchestra to induce sleep. You know how it is.

* * * * *

A word to the wise is sufficient. April Fool's Day is coming, so don't get caught without ten cents for that "*Record*".

* * * * *

GERMAN CLUB

The organization of any new club in the school never fails to arouse interest among the boys, so when we announce the German Club, we hope that it is but the fore-runner of many similar clubs.

The officers of the club are as follows:

President, J. Brem, 102; Secretary, J. Levine, 107; Executive Committee, J. D. Buckner, 102.

The first meeting was held on January 22. Mr. Joy and Mr. Keller addressed the club in German. Mr. Joy spoke of his trip through Germany, the conditions there, etc. Mr. Keller's subject was "Military Discipline in Austrian Schools and How it Helped Me."

At the meeting on February 6, M. Muelner spoke in German on the "War Experiences in Germany."

As is obvious, the purpose of the club is to promote interest in the study of German. The members of the club exchange letters with students in Germany. The meetings are, as far as possible, conducted in German.

* * * * *

Our old friend, Nat Barrows, may be a hustling track manager, but he is a very cruel man. He's the boy that keeps his assistants in trim by making the poor fellows haul the twelve pound shot all around the gym to get it back in place so "Mike" Duran can heave it again. But the harder he works them, the better they like him. Human nature is certainly perverse.

* * * * *

ALUMNI NOTES

"Mac" Brodney is up at Tufts Pre-Medical plugging away at his biography and the like. While he was at English, he was on the swimming team. Every year for four years he was a consistent point scorer for the natators. Time and again the plunge record was in jeopardy, whenever Brodney did his work. He was a captain in drill, and a member of the championship football team. He is now keeping himself tuned up, by swimming for the Brookline Swimming Club. If Tufts ever has a swimming team, just watch "Mac's" dust!

* * * * *

Art Kirley was the captain of the track team a few years ago, and surely made the pluggers in the thousand watch out. One day, while at the interclass meet in his last year, Art ran the 300 against De Witt our old time speed phenom. It was a pretty race as one could desire. Art was leading all the way, and then on the last lap De Witt tried his sprint. The way those youngsters ran was ——! The result was, however, a victory for Art. The following year Art went to Boston College, under Coach Ryder's wing, Art was with company down there for he met Pat Mahoney, whose brilliant running for English in the 600 had every one amazed. Of course he finished up his track career at high school by decisively defeating every

one in the "Reggies"! Now both are on the relay team. Art is the present New England and Eastern Intercollegiate half-mile champion and was a member of the Boston College two mile relay team last year. He was also a member of the B. A. A. mile team that won the National championship at Newark, last September.

* * * * *

At the English High School reunion of the Class of '19, Isador C. "Bluie" Bluestien was re-elected vice-president. Some of the teachers perhaps would remember that jolly, goodnatured, popular chap, whose excellent work at school attracted the attention of both the pupils and themselves. "Bluie", at the reunion, cracked some of his time-worn jokes. (Couldn't possibly believe it, honest), and was the life of the party. "Bluie," by the way, holds the record for the Intermediate broad jump, which survived after the assaults on it, by athletes like "Clarrie" Silverman. He is now at B. U.

* * * * *

"Abie, the Agent," as David Harrison was called, was a real live wire at school. The things he did, and the things he said, put his friends often on the verge of desperation. If Abbie wasn't doing one thing, he was doing another. He was a star on the swimming team, and a bright light on the football team. And in social activities at school, he was never surpassed. That was four years ago. Since then, he's been in the film business, and then in the diamond business. The latter, however, proved a real attraction to him, and now he's in the business for himself, and making his rivals green with envy. Abie is certainly doing wonderful work in his business and is thinking of enlarging the same.

There's lots of fun in chemistry;
 It makes the fellows stare.
 The teacher thinks up different jinks
 And tries them on us there.
 We smell and taste, (too oft in haste),
 And then repent at leisure.
 The teacher's wiles bring forth the smiles
 And give the children pleasure.

There's some deep stuff in chemistry.
 Oh, very, very deep!
 That valence table has long been able
 To keep me from my sleep.
 And when I dream of some new scheme,
 Some quite original caper;
 It gives me aches when the teacher makes
 A goose-egg on my paper.

P. A. COLLINS BUILDING

WEEKLY ASSEMBLIES

On Friday, January 19, the most important meeting of the year was held. Mr. Kershaw spoke to us about our greatest part of school life outside of the classroom. He stated that it was "Athletics" and that at present our attention was concentrated mainly on Track. We were greatly honored by the presence of Capt Bill McKillop, Manager Nat Barrows, Harry Kozol (president of the Senior class), Tom Sullivan, Porky Flynn, and John McMorro from the Main Building. Mr. Kershaw introduced Nat Barrows, who in turn introduced the others. They spoke to us about track, the meets, and school spirit. All however, earnestly entreated us to go out for track. They emphasized the fact that it was the Juniors and Intermediates who win the meets, and that we, the younger students, were mainly depended upon to supply the track men to fill in those particular divisions. A list of the Freshmen who placed in the interclass meet was read. The winners arose and received congratulations.

Mr. Benson spoke to us about McKillop's early schooldays. He declared that he was as bad a runner as you could wish for. But he plugged at it and now he is captain of the trackteam of the best high school in the world.

The room captain of Room 15 was called to receive the English High School Honor Banner, his room having led all the others in scholarship. The room captain of Room 14 received the Attendance Shield for being first with the least number of absentees during the month of December. The following Tuesday, the other half of the school was similarly treated.

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On Tuesday, January 29, another meeting was called. This was mainly to encourage the sale of the *Record*. Joseph Melhado, Wallace Brittain, Hyman Orenberg, and Max Barron were present. They spoke about the coming issue of the *Record* and asked us to help them by purchasing one for every boy in the school. The coming copy, it was stated, was expected to be perhaps one of the best ever published. Max Barron, who is also manager of the swimming team, spoke to us about the "Splash Team," asking the fellows to come out.

* * * * *

A third meeting was held on Friday, February 9. Mr. Kershaw stated that the principal reason for the assembly was the observation of Lincoln's birthday. Morris Teitelbaum (3) recited the "Gettysburg Address". He was splendid and received a tremendous ovation. A selection was played by the orchestra. Dexter Wolfson (17) read "A Day With Lincoln." It was very interesting and amusing, being mingled with bits of humor. It gave us a definite idea of the life of the greatest statesman and president. Mr. Kershaw emphasized the real meaning of Lincoln's everlasting words: "With malice toward none, with charity for all." He stated if men followed Lincoln's precepts and did what he accomplished, we would be living in a much better world. The singing of "America" and the salutation to the flag preceded our dismissal.

* * * * *

Louis Blender, student councillor of Room 12 has resigned. The new councillor is Heratchia Chetjian,

TRACK

Repeating the words of Mr. Benson, we have the finest track team that has been produced in a long while. Not very many brilliant stars, but all co-operating, the team looks formidable. Its work in the Dorchester meet will testify to that. Scott (16), Jackson (14), Feldstien (13), King (14), Greenwood (14), Astor (12), and Jarvis (2) are boys that are doing well in the meets. Goldbert Hinds (2) a sure winner in the 160 is lost to us because of his marks. However, a new addition makes up. He is Robert Woolfson (17), a Junior. Bobbie does over 7 ft. 6 in. easily in the broad jump. Here are the Freshmen winners in the Dorchester meet:

| <i>Event</i> | <i>Place</i> | <i>Name (H. R. No.)</i> | <i>Points</i> |
|-------------------------|--------------|-------------------------|---------------|
| Junior 50-yd. dash | 3 | Greenwood (14) | 2 |
| | 4 | Astor (12) | 1 |
| Junior 160-yd. dash | 4 | King (14) | 1 |
| Junior high jump | 2 | King (14) | 3 |
| | 3 | Greenwood (14) | 2 |
| Junior broad jump | 4 | Jarvis (2) | 1 |
| Intermediate broad jump | 2 | Feldstien (13) | 3 |
| Intermediate high jump | 2 | Jackson (14) | 3 |
| Senior broad jump | 3 | Scott (16) | 2 |
| | | | — |
| Total | | | 18 |

A total of 18 points! More than one-third of the points secured by Dorchester. How's that? We're going to do better. Room 14 seems to breed track men. It gobbled up eleven points.

* * * * *

CLUBS

An English Club has been formed under the supervision of Mr. Kershaw. Meetings are held on Thursdays in Room 18. The boys have elected William West (3) president, Barney Zieff (17) vice-president, and Paul Hughes (9) secretary. The usual program of the meeting consists of talks on English subjects, and discussions on authors and their works.

A group of stamp lovers under the head of Sigmund Lavine (15) have organized and formed a Stamp Club. Meetings are held every Monday in Room 3. They have elected Lavine as president, and Morris Gould (14) secretary. The exchange, buying, and selling of stamps follows short talks.

* * * * *

ATTENDANCE

From the bad attendance percentage of 98.8, we have not bettered our mark, but lessened it to the humiliating score of 94.1 percent. Room 17 leads the school with 96.1 percent. Room 14, first the previous month, is second with 96.0 percent.

* * * * *

Theatrical Manager: "In the next play, I shall give you a substantial raise."

Actor: "Oh, thank you, sir."

Theatrical Manager: "Yes, in the third act, a bomb sends you up through the ceiling."

* * * * *

Teacher: "And perhaps you'd like to hear how I got my education. My dad used to take me across his knee. He made me smart."

BRAINS OVER BRAWN

By Samuel Shapiro '24

This story was told to me by my father as I tell it to you, but neither of us can say whether it is fact or fiction. It must be accepted at its face value.

There were once two countries that we will call Castria and Tompar. The former was large and powerful, with broad lands and thriving cities, trading in all kinds of goods with the surrounding countries and with its neighbor, Tompar. Tompar was, in comparison with Castria, small and weak, but its people were thrifty and industrious, and it made the most of its small extent.

These two countries, placed side by side by Fate, remained for years in amicable relationship. Nothing occurred to disturb their friendliness, and they lived peacefully, dealing with each other as with friends and neighbors.

One day, however, Castria decided to enlarge her territory, and, looking around for a victim, her eye fell upon Tompar as the one most suitable, for Tompar was a rich, fertile country, and would be so powerless before Castria's army as to be had almost for the asking. Straightway, Castria found a pretext for declaring war on the dumfounded Tompar.

Desperately the king and the ministers of the latter country considered one plan after another to withstand Castria, only to reject them on account of some flaw. Unless a miracle occurred, their small forces would never resist Castria's troops.

However, they asked for time in which to prepare their army, and the confident Castria, who herself needed time for preparation, granted them two weeks.

Their anxiety was communicated to the officers of the army, in the hope of their devising some escape from the certain destruction which threatened them, and everywhere in the camp where volunteers were being enrolled, not a smile or a jest could be found on the lips

of a single officer. The young captains in particular, noted for their ingenuity and daring, were bent upon inventing some piece of strategy which would give them an advantage over the enemy. At last they hit upon a plan which might barely succeed.

As soon as she had declared war, Castria had built an immense magazine in which she stored all her war supplies. She wished to win in as short a time as possible, so she bent her energies to gathering a huge supply of powder and shot with which to overwhelm Tompar.

The magazine was located in a large field about half a mile from the walls of her capital. It was constantly guarded by a sentinel, who was relieved each hour. Around the building and a certain distance from it, a deadline had been established, inside which it was death for anyone without a pass to go. There was also a guardhouse close by, from which the sentry could summon help if the magazine was in danger.

A few days after the fortnight was granted, two beggars entered the field where the magazine was located, and sat down at about a hundred paces from the deadline. One was burdened with a box, and the other carried a sack from which they extracted some bread and meat, and ate their dinner. The sentry eyed them suspiciously, but, as they made no hostile move, he did not disturb them.

After finishing the meal, they took out a bottle of whiskey and appeared to drink until they were tipsy. In this condition they soon began to quarrel, and finally, one struck the other in the face and ran away. The latter angered by the blow, seized a stone and threw it after him, but, probably because he was drunk, the stone went wide of the mark and broke an east window of the building.

The sentry, whose orders had been to allow absolutely no one near the building, ran up and seized the culprit, intending to deliver him to his superiors, although he anticipated a severe punishment for permitting the beggars to come so near the magazine. But the prisoner, sobered by the result of his anger, began to plead for mercy. The stone had not harmed anything except the window, and, as to that, he was a glazier by trade and even then had a pane in his box of just the right size. The willing sentry, glad to escape from his expected punishment, let himself be persuaded, and the glazier set to work. The window was soon as good as new, and the prisoner made off as if fearing to be recalled.

The next morning, the sun rose out of a cloudless sky. It was summer, and his first hot rays fell upon the repaired window. But although, to the casual observer, it appeared like any other window, it had really been made with a powerful burning-glass in its center.

As the rays of the sun were focussed upon one spot by the glass, smoke began to rise, and since this was not discovered, a brisk fire was soon burning.

Now the smoke and flame were noticed by the sentinel who then guarded the magazine, and he immediately gave the alarm. The aroused camp gathered around the burning building and the officers asked for volunteers to put out the fire. Not a man stirred, for who would venture into a building that might explode at any moment, to try to extinguish a fire that was probably beyond control, without fire-fighting apparatus? No soldiers, and certainly no officer, wished to die in such a hopeless cause.

Meanwhile the fire came nearer and nearer to the piled up barrels and kegs of powder.

And so, the officer and men having removed themselves to a safe distance, the great magazine of Castria exploded with a grand and enormous show of fireworks.

The dismayed Castria lost no time in suing for peace which the jubilant Tompar granted, but not without a fitting tribute.

To this day, no one except a chosen few knows the reason for the fire, for the two captains and their general never disclosed the secret.

WHAT THEY LAUGH AT ELSEWHERE

* * * * *

BRUTUS' EPITAPH

Stranger, pause as you pass by,
As you are now, so was I.
As I am, so must you be;
Step on the gas and follow me.

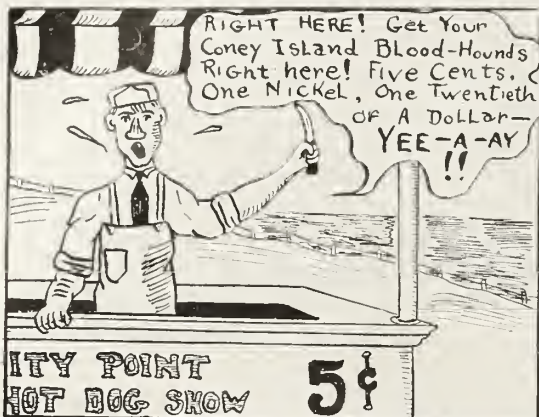
* * * * *

THREE-WORD LIMIT

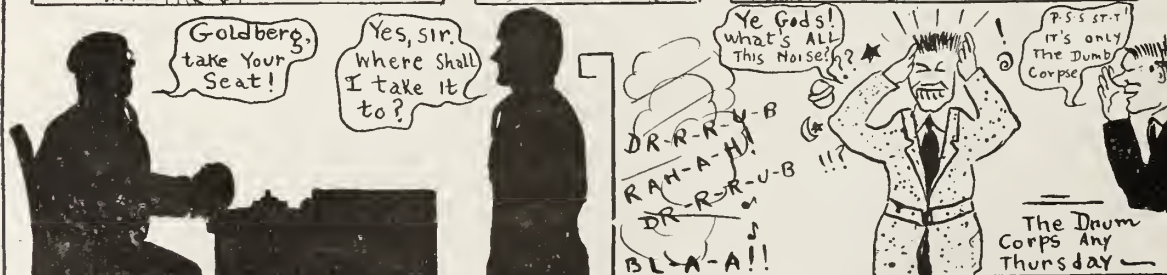
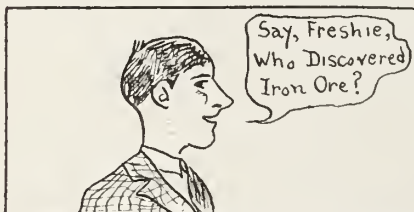
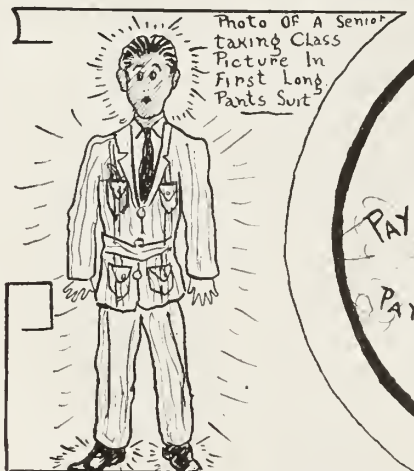
Teacher: "What is a high school boy's vocabulary?"
Student: "I don't know."
Teacher: "Exactly."

* * * * *

It was a dark night. A man was riding his bicycle with no lamp. He came to the crossroads and did not know which way to go. He felt in his pocket for a match and found but one. He climbed to the top of the pole and in the ensuing glimmer read: "Wet Paint."



A Lot Of Seniors Are Looking Forward To These Jobs In Summer





ROBERT E. WHITEACRE

*"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."*

Hat's off, boys! Anybody who can be elected to student councillorship four times deserves to be saluted. That's just what the above mentioned gentleman has been. We know one thing he hasn't been, however, and that is, that he hasn't been shy of "A's" during the aforementioned four years.

Besides all this, Robert E. is chairman of the picture committee, and a better man could not be found for this position.

Whiteacre is a captain in drill, and a late investigation showed that he's the smartest captain in his company. He won an individual prize last year, also, by gum.

The following incident may illustrate Whiteacre's wonderful intelligence and rare presence of mind.

One summer, several years ago, Whiteacre was down in Mexico for vacation. While he was there, a band of revolutionists entered the town, during one of their daily revolutions. "What you going to say," asked their leader of Whiteacre, "'Viva Carranza' or 'Viva Huerta'."

Whiteacre, remembering tales of Mexican atrocities, patted the leader's shoulder affectionately. "My friend," he said with an ingratiating smile, "you 'viva' first and then I'll 'viva'."

ISADORE WISE

"Then he will talk—ye gods, how he will talk."

"Izzy" certainly can talk. He has to talk a lot, since he's Mr. Winston's private secretary. However, "Izzy", is a member of the banquet committee. Is he?

Yes, "Izzy".

Wise is one of the most popular fellows of the class, and was a strong runner up in the Senior class elections. While we are on the subject of elections we might add, that Wise was "on the stump" for the Hon. Mr. Tague during the late elections. Mr. Tague won. Of course we don't mean to insinuate that "Izzy" won

for him, oh nononono; but still, from what we know of Wise, he must have helped not a little.

"Izzy's" parents are certainly proud of him. We visited his house the other day, in order to get some news for this "Hoozoo", and asked his mother to tell us about him.

"There's not another boy in this town as clever as he is," she told us.

"How is that?" we asked her.

"Look at those two chairs," she said, "'Izzy' made them up out of his own head, and he still has wood enough to make a table."

* * * * *

CHARLES C. DOGAN, JR.

*"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy tiol
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"*

Dogan is a "plugger". He studies faithfully and steadily, therefore we admire Dogan. His faithfulness in studying is reaping its reward in the way of good marks and two other ways.

One of these is his captaincy in drill, the other is his position on the dance committee. Every man from measly private to exalted first "looie" in Dogan's company admires his captain, and respects him. Not one fellow in the entire school begrudges Dogan his appointment to the dance committee. Thusly is Dogan admired.

Well, well, well, we're getting so serious we nearly forgot, Dogan is secretary of the Checker Club.

Dogan, not so very long ago, tried to pull his neck in, bend his knees, and get into a theatre on a children's ticket, when the man collecting the tickets yelled, "Hey, you, how old are you?"

Dogan walked along as if he had heard nothing.

"Hey, you," repeated the man, "I said, how old are you?"

"Speaking to me?" asked our hero in surprise (?) "Why I've only seen seven summers."

"And would you mind telling me," said the ticket-collector, "how long you've been blind?" Dogan paid full admission.

* * * * *

ROBERT S. HATCH

*.His look
Drew audience and attention.*

A modest gentleman is Robert Hatch, but he is deserving of praise. Yes, sir. He's president of the School Council, for one thing, which is not a little honor. For another thing, Hatch is one of the best shots on the rifle team.

When listening to the E. H. S. band or orchestra, did you suddenly hear among the trombones, one that is louder and more distinct than the others, and then after investigating, found that it was none other than Robert S. Hatch, lustily blowing into his trombone?

Robert doesn't take Chemistry, and here's the reason why:

The first day in class, the Chemistry teacher before doing an experiment spoke as follows:

"Now, boys, in case anything should go wrong with this experiment, we and the entire laboratory will be blown sky high. Now come a little closer, boys, in order that you may follow me."

Hatch never waited for the experiment to be done. He left the class immediately.

MICHAEL J. DURAN

*"A mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands."*

Well, well, well! Look who's among our Hoozoo column! None other than Mike Duran himself.

Mike is the "big-shot" in our school. He is, first of all, captain of the Blue and Blue nine. Then he was the best foot-ball tackle in the city. About every Boston newspaper put him on their first string all-scholastic eleven.

In track, Micke is our best shot-putter and he tosses the shot around as if it were a baseball—almost. On the hockey team, Mike is a goal-tender par excellence.

Furthermore, Duran is a member of the Senior Class Dance Committee.

One day, not long ago, Mike treated himself to an orchestra seat in one of our leading theatres. The next day, in school, the botany teacher informed the class, that gum is one of the products of the spruce tree.

"Who knows of anything else made from the spruce tree?" he asked the class.

Immediately Mike raised his hand, and was called on to answer the question.

"The seats at the Or——m theatre are made of spruce," said our hero.

"And how can you tell the wood is spruce?"

"Why, when I stood up I found gum on my pants."

* * * * *

ARTHUR L. SMITH

"None but himself can be his parallel."

"Strike one."

"Strike tuh."

"Strike three. Batter out."

We need only one guess to tell us who's pitching. Of course! Art Smith!

Arthur L. is the crack pitcher for the Blue and Blue baseball team, and contrary to the rule that good pitchers make poor hitters, Smith is one of the heaviest hitters on the squad.

As quarter-back on the football team, Smith handled the men like a veteran of a hundred games.

On the hockey team, Arthur plays right wing. He is a captain in drill, besides.

So great is Smith's fame, that his birthday, which falls on June 21st, is celebrated by the closing of all the schools for ten weeks.

One time Arthur was whispering with another fellow when the teacher came in. As luck would have it, the other fellow was caught (Art always was a lucky fellow). The teacher asked the boy how many times he had been whispering.

"Wunst, only wunst," he answered.

"Arthur," said the teacher to our hero, "Should James have said wunst?"

"No, sir," said Smith, "he should have said twict."

* * * * *

ABRAHAM LEVINE

*He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.*

If one will only look in the Senior Class Directory, when it is printed, he will see a new constellation of ten stars on one of these pages. Each of these stars will represent an "A" in a study.

To the left of these stars will be the name of one of the liveliest members of the Class of '23—Abraham Levine. In his first three years he got only ten "A" stars. He is in line for a few more, at present.

Abe is one of the most prominent men in the Picture Committee.

In his second year, with Mr. Ben Tabachnick, who also appears in our Hoozoo, he was the mainstay of the E. H. S. '23 debating team. Yezzir!

Abe is a smart boy. There's no getting away from it either. The reason for this smartness is, that his motto is:

"Never let your studies interfere with your education."

Levine was walking thru the Art Museum when he came upon a mummy in the Egyptian Room. There was a sign on the mummy which read "97 B. C."

"Pardon me, young man," said a stranger who had entered a moment before Abe. "Could you tell me what that sign means?"

Abe thought a moment.

"Sure," he answered, proud to show how much he knew, "that's the license number of the auto that ran over him."

NOTE: And in spite of this incident Levine won a Lawrence prize in English.

* * * * *

BENJAMIN TABACHNICK

*"Whatever skeptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore."*

And here, on our right, ladies and gentlemen, we have Bennie Tabachnick, one of the most active members of the Senior Class.

In his second year, Tabachnick organized the E. H. S. '23 debating team.

In his first, second, and third years he won Fidelity Prizes.

He was one of the snappiest members of the Current Events Club, last year.

He was a strong runner-up in the Senior Class elections.

At present, Bennie is the chairman of the E. H. S. '23 Alumni Association Committee.

And—oh yes, we nearly forgot, Bennie is a first "looie" in drill.

One day, a certain teacher in this school asked Bennie for three forms of the sentence. "Declarative, interrogative, and exclamatory," replied our hero knowingly.

"Correct. Now give examples."

"Tom is sick." Pause. "Is Tom sick?" Longer pause. "Sic 'im, Tom!"

And yet they hang wall paper!

* * * * *

CORRECTION

In the last "Who's Who" appeared the statement, "Gordon Kunz is not a captain." This should have read, "Gordon Kunz is *now* a captain."

* * * * *

SOME BROADCAST!

"When I opened the radio yesterday, I got London, England, immediately."

"That's nothing. My aerial was broken so I climbed out onto the roof to fix it, and I got Chile, before I even touched the wires."

REUBEN HICKS, INVENTOR

Walter G. Swan '23

Along the great Southern Pacific Railroad there exist, or almost exist, several small towns. Some of these are so small, in fact, that a traveler passing through one, once asked, "Whose farm is that?"

"Farm? That isn't any farm, that's a real honest-to-goodness town," answered the conductor, laughing. But to go on. The name of the particular town I have in mind is Tinkerville.

The principal and probably the best known and most talked about man in this small community was Eph Tompkins. He was sheriff, judge and captain of the fire department among other things. Eph and usually all the rest of the male portion of the town could be found at any time in Al White's general store, where they all met and swapped stories and got the gossip of the town.

Now the women of this good little town were of the old school and were strict prohibitionists, priding themselves on the dryness of the town—and dry it certainly was.

In some unaccountable way Maria Jordan and the women of the town got a notion that their husbands were running a still down at the store.

"I thought Jake's breath smelt rather strong when he came in t'other night," remarked Mrs. Turner, whose husband was one of the selectmen. "Mine too," chorused in the others, their imaginations running wild.

"Ah, I have it," said Maria, leaning over, "we'll all sneak down to the store to-night and watch."

The idea was accepted unanimously, and the time was set for that night. "There will be no 'licker' in this town if we can prevent it," said Maria.

Meanwhile down in the store gathered the poor, unsuspecting husbands. They

sat and perched in all parts of the store, swapping stories and gossip. From over in the corner there came a voice.

"I dew declare, Eph, that sum day or t'other that there Reuben Hicks is goin ter have us all blowed up by that fool invention of his. If you don' keep yer eye on him, we'll all be picked off the telegraph wires inside of a year."

"Don't get all het up 'bout that 'ere boy, he'll make a great name for this town some day thru one of his inventions," remonstrated Eph.

Now like most all towns of small dimension, Tinkerville had its bright and shining light, and in this town it was Reuben Hicks, and the role he shone in was that of inventor.

Reuben's father was a blacksmith and it was from him that Reuben inherited his inventiveness, (so the townspeople said). At present Reuben was working on some new machine, the secret of which he carefully guarded, as he claimed it was worth thousands of dollars.

Hardly had Eph finished talking when the young man in question strode thru the doorway. He was tall and lean. His clothes seemed too small for him, and his hair was uncut. His features were of the boldest. Hardly was he inside when he started speaking. "I heard ya talkin about me, Matt Jenkins, but perhaps you would like ter know I've finished my new invention."

The crowd jumped from their chairs and were crowding around Reuben. "What kind uv a thing might yu're invention be?" asked one of the crowd.

"A burglar trap."

"A burglar trap," repeated the crowd, and then they broke out laughing.

"You'd do better if yer invented a rat trap that *worked*," remarked Matt Jenkins.

Reuben grew red. "All right, seein' you're makin fun of me I'll prove ter ya that it works. All you fellers come down here at half past seven to-night and I'll show it to ya," and purchasing a few groceries he walked out, leaving the crowd looking open-mouthed after him. Everyone looked at his neighbor in sheer astonishment, but all agreed to meet at the store at half past seven.

II

That night at supper more than one man made up some good alibi so that he could get out, for the Tinkerville wives kept their eyes on their husbands as a mother watches over her babe. Little did the husbands realize that their wives were setting a trap for them.

About quarter of seven that night the men came sneaking down the street. Al had closed the store at half past six and had carefully closed all the shutters so that no one could see in, and also, so no light would show. One by one they sneaked along in the shadow and slipped in the back door.

At last they were all there. A kind of improvised grand stand had been built up on three sides of the room, consisting of barrels, boards, and boxes. In the center of this built-up stadium, was the most peculiar-looking contraption you could imagine. It was made up of wheels, cogs, springs, clocks, chains, wires, ropes, etc. If the number and variety of parts used governed its success the thing should be a wonder.

The men were all seated around in the improvised grandstands, when Reuben arose and began to talk. He said he had kept his invention a secret as he did not want anyone to steal his ideas, but to tell the truth it would have taken the combined efforts of an electrician, carpenter, engineer, and watchmaker to figure out its intricacies.

"The machine," he went on, "is

intended for use as a burglar trap and therefore I have named it the *Hick's Burglar Trap*." He explained about different parts of the machine to the crowd who craned their necks to get a better view. "When I pull this string, it will release a lever, starting in motion this wheel, which in turn starts this cog, etc., etc., finally releasing the catch in the trap door letting the man fall thru into a vault beneath."

* * * * *

As soon as their husbands had left, the wives put on their wraps and went to the church, the agreed meeting place. After they were all there they sneaked over to the store. The shutters were on so they could not see in, but each stationed herself at a window and crouched down to listen. Maria Jordan was all ears. Suddenly she heard a voice. "Pst—pst. Come here and listen to this," she whispered. A voice was saying, "This machine—a trap—When I pull—string—opens door—man fall into vault."

"There, what did I tell you," said Maria, "its a trap to catch the revenue officers if they try to raid 'em." They all crouched down again to listen.

* * * * *

Inside, Reuben was still raving about his machine, finally ending by saying he would now start the thing in motion and show how efficient it was.

With this he pulled a rope. With a couple of coughs and a wheeze, the thing started, shaking all over. Cogs, ropes, chains, clocks, and wheels began to move. The room was filled with dust and the spectators began to choke.

Suddenly a wheel flew off, followed closely by several others. One of them hit the stove pipe, which fell down, dumping its contents of soot over the whole crowd. This started a mad rush for the windows and doors. Eph, who had foreseen some such catastrophe,

was half way out the window when the thing started to separate.

Faster and faster the parts detached themselves, flying in all directions. They knocked articles from the shelves and threw them here and there. To add to the excitement a fragment of the *Hick's Burglar Trap* hit the lamp and the room was plung'd into darkness.

By this time the improvised grandstand resembled a wood pile. An arm stuck up here, a foot there. Cries of "Help! Let me out," came from under the pile. "Get yer foot of'n my face," yelled another. Everyone was trying to get thru the windows at once. Eph stood outside pulling the unfortunate victims thru the window.

* * * * *

The watchers outside were kneeling down beside the window, when suddenly the shutter flew off and out came Eph.

A terrific racket came from the interior and they saw their husbands piling thru the windows, falling all over them as they did so.

"The still's blown up," yelled Maria, but the other women were too busy taking care of themselves at the moment to worry about any still.

By this time the whole town had heard of the news, and men, women, and children came rushing from all directions. Suddenly Eph left his station at the window and darted thru the crowd, and a moment later the bell on the firehouse began to ring. Men and boys rushed there and it was not long before Torrent I came down the street, the men and boys on the tow rope and Eph sitting on top waving his arms and raving like a maniac.

Arriving at the scene of action, the brakes were unlimbered, the suction hose was dropped into Mirandy Josephine Cook's well, and the men and boys began working the pumps. The *Hick's Burglar Trap* was still in action, as was

evidenced by the boxes, jugs, barrels, etc., that came thru the windows, door, roof and sides of the building.

Eph picked up the huge nozzle of the hose and took his stand in front of the store. "Flay away," he yelled, and the water was turned on. The stream was hardly like that given by our high-pressure engines today, but more like the stream from a garden hose however, it served the purpose. Eph played the stream into the store for about fifteen minutes and then sounds ceased to come from within.

Cautiously, Eph stole up to the building. He was just inside the door when something fell. I guess he thought the thing had started again; at any rate he came out on the dead run and they soaked down the store for another five minutes.

After the excitement had ceased, the victims might have been observed sneaking along thru backyards to their own homes. And much was the surprise of many a husband upon entering his house, to find his wife nursing a swollen jaw or a black eye.

Neither was it strange that during the next few days certain prominent members of the town were not to be seen, and when some of them did appear, it was with crutches.

Eph told afterwards, "That if it hadn't been for his prompt action in getting out the fire department, 'the gosh dern thing would have been goin' yet.'"

From that day to this, neither hide nor hair has been seen of Reuben Hicks, although many people vow that he is now in the east, manufacturing his great, renowned "Burglar Trap." The little town of Tinkerville now sleeps peacefully. The citizens built Al White a new store, of which he is very proud, and the last I heard he had taken the daring step of introducing the Eskimo Pie to the town.



TRACK

Out of the gray haze that hangs heavily over Boston's sportdom looms proudly the good ship E. H. S. Track Team, the happy victor of two terrific storms and a worthy successor to the majestic craft of 1922. Battering seas have leaped at the E. H. S. track team, tumultuous waves have threatened to engulf her, yet she has safely reached her first two ports of call in the Armory and Brockton, with only an unfortunate breakdown at Harvard. Pilot Murray and Captain McKillop state that if the present crew will remain until the end of the voyage and continue their present high standard of efficiency we can be certain of making championship by March 23.

Most sea-worthy boats have a definite limit to their crew. Not so the E. H. S. track team, the more the merrier with her. Always heaps of bunk room and opportunities to get on the payroll. Join up now and share in it all. Let's go.

Three sporting events of any sort or pedigree can produce a lot of surprises and can bring out a pleasing array of talent. Track is no exception and our three grand and glorious duels to date have been productive of some nice material for meditation and careful thought by rival schools in Beantown. To faithfully and minutely describe these competitions would occupy more than one large volume of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall". Let the following outburst be sufficient for the present:

HARVARD CUBS WIN 3-MEET—E. H. S. TAKES SECOND CAPTAIN BILL STEPS THE 1000 IN 2.25 4-5 Sec.

Harvard Freshman track outfit came through as expected and won easily over the combined teams of English and Latin, January 28, at Soldier's Field board track. The yearlings racked off an easy 51 points, but 'lil old E. H. S. showed her class and marked down 17 against Latin's tiny 4. Last year in this meet, E. H. S. scored only 2 points.

The individual star of the meet was Chase of Harvard who won both the 50-yd. dash and the 300. Our own Walt. Daley came back and grabbed second in the dash over Harley. Hootstein, the blue and blue reliable in the 300, pulled in easily second over a Harvard man. The great big race of the afternoon was the 1000. It was a run that warmed the cold, silenced the braggart, thrilled the unbeliever and thoroughly convinced the world that Bill McKillop has few equals as a distance pacer. Bill's time was 2.25 4-5. The Reggie record is 2.29. Figure it out for yourself.

* * * * *

DORCHESTER TAKES THE AIR TO TUNE OF 167-52

And behold it came to pass that English and Dorchester met on the field of battle and fought a death fight. Yea, verily did they fight. Even until the second

day and the coming of dark. And lo, English won and scored 167-52, for Dorchester was truly weak. Peace be with them.

Almost every race was keenly contested, full of thrills and made in fast time.

Walt Daley, best dasher in Boston schools, took the Senior 50 most handily, winning by several feet over Harley and Goldberg.

The 300 was soft for Hootstein, who followed his advantage of a good start. Pickard and Foster copped 3d and 4th respectively.

The Senior 600 was a real race. McNabb just beating out Henie Cullen, last year's hurdler. Whitehead, the baseball catcher, pulled in third and Dobson, a new man in school, took fourth.

The heart-breaking 1000, of course, was easily won by "Bill". At the tape the nearest man to the Captain was fully half a lap away. Treanor, the Sophomore star, worked his way through the field to a second. Rudquist drew a third and Sullivan was clocked as fourth.

The intermediate and junior divisions took the points that won the meet with such boys as Grant, Freedman, DeMarco, Cohen, Rachins, Oliver and Bisset Neckes, Greenwood, Astor, Finn, Krakofsky, and King.

The field events held in our drill hall further increased the blue score to a margin of safety. Dorchester was greatly handicapped by lack of men (and talent) and took defeat as an acknowledged fact. Our first meet in the city series resulted in a clean sweep for Fred Murray and his trusty cohorts.

* * * * *

BROCKTON BOWS DOWN TO BOSTON—49-33

It isn't every Thursday, February 8, that the team goes on a trip, but when it does, it believes in having things done up brown. I'll tell the world that it was one great time and one great day, before, during, and afterwards, (especially afterwards, ask "Bill").

Revenge for that 13-13 football decision was in the hearts of the team. Ah, revenge is sweet, we are satisfied. Twenty fellows did the trick, twenty hand-picked Seniors.

Captain "Bill", oh, that I had a page to devote to his wonderful showing. A boy who can win both a 1000 and a 600 in succession deserves a whole newspaper. I hope I never see anything better than those two races. Just shows the kind of captain we've got. Treanor, the modest dark horse, was just shut out of second and took third in the 1000. Only three places counted in all events.

Walt Daley came through with the bitterest blow of the afternoon for Brockton when he romped home in the 35 over Capt. Ira Franklin, the pride of the Red and Black and record holder for several distances. Goldberg, new to the dash this year, copped third.

The 35 hurdles (2 flights) were taken by McGuire with Jim Flahive, of football fame, third.

The 300 looked nice with Franklin of Brockton first and Hootstein second, "Charlie" ran most of his race minus one shoe. Pickard stepped in for third.

The high jump was thrilling to the most impassionate with Treanor showing the mob a new and original form of "scissors". He took first.

The broad jump went to Sid Cohen, with Weiner second.

Foster and Duran were the second and third placers for E. H. S. in the shot put.

The 3-lap relay, won by English, sure was a honey and "Cullen did it". 'At baby sure can run. Hurdles, 600, relay, all meat to him. Nica da boy.

Brockton is a great town, has a fine high school, has a good track team for the first year at it, has a corking school spirit, and also has varied other good qualities which certain members of the team could enlarge on at will.

Now, fellows, English is on her biggest track year, a year that will be talked about when the present members are old and gray. E. H. S. is due for the championship this March. Back it up, run, come to the meets, cheer, show the world you're for the Blue and Blue. Let's go!

* * * * *

HOCKEY

The hockey team within the past month has had a fairly successful season. It has met the strongest teams in the state and has still reigned supreme over the city schools. The only trouble with the team is that most of its members are Seniors and will leave no foundation for next year. They are confident that games next year will be held in the yard on our rink. The stars so far have been: Norton, Conley, Hartigan, Smith, and Lopans, Duran, Hickey, Keefe and Day.

The team has been greatly handicapped by lack of ice. Most of its games have been with prep. schools or with other outsiders who do not count in the League. The following scores resulted:

| <i>E. H. S.</i> | <i>Opponent</i> | <i>Date</i> |
|-----------------|---------------------|-------------|
| 2 — 0 | Hyde Park | Jan. 6 |
| 0 — 4 | Middlesex | Jan. 17 |
| 8 — 0 | Trade | Jan. 20 |
| 2 — 0 | Brighton | Jan. 27 |
| 1 — 6 | Newton | Feb. 5 |
| 2 — 4 | St. John's | Feb. 9 |
| 0 — 1 | Noble and Greenough | Feb. 7 |

* * * * *

SWIMMING

The water dogs seem to be in tough straits regarding the outcome of certain of their meets. Captain Kunz has been doing his darndest in the dive and has already earned his letter. The outfit has been racing against the best teams in New England: Worcester Academy, Exeter, Huntington, etc., which have practice every day while our boys are restricted to twice a week. However, Coach Wilson is optimistic for the future with a fine base for next year's outfit being built this season. The team is composed mostly of second and third-year boys, all of whom will be back next year. Kunz and London are the only graduates this year. Looks good for the future, huh?

* * * * *

RIFLE

At last our keen eyed, steady armed sharpshooters are out. The team held its first practice at the Bay State School of Musketry. Most of last year's championship team are back and are shooting true to form. The prospect for another champ team is good and Manager McNeil has arranged matches with some of the leading high schools of New England. Captain Jacobs can use several shooters, boys who are somewhat skillful with a shooting iron and who can plug a mean bull's eye.

Come out and earn a target E. It's easy.

Back up E. H. S. athletics.

She: "I've been trying to think of a word for two weeks."

He: "How about fortnight?"

* * * * *

Snip! That made the sixth time the barber had cut the man with the razor. For the sixth time the barber moistened a bit of tissue paper and placed it over the cut to stop the bleeding.

"Next," he yelled, helping the man from the chair.

"Here," said the man, "here is a dollar. You may keep the change. I feel honored to have been shaved by so learned a man. You are a barber, a butcher and paper-hanger in one."

* * * * *

HEARD IN S24

Teacher: "Learn all about Alaska and Hawaii for tomorrow."

Pupil: "Is that all?"

Teacher: "If that isn't all, you may take Samoa."

* * * * *

Bill: "I hear you have been reducing."

Tom: "Yes, Bill, my doctor ordered me to ride a bicycle, and I've been falling off, ever since."

* * * * *

LAUGHS FROM OTHER PAPERS MUSTAPHA KEMAL, THE FOUR FLUSHER (To the tune of "Captain Jiggs of the Horse Marines")

I'm Kemal Pash of the Turkish guard

I use no wine, nor pork, nor lard;

But it's lots of work to be a Turk,

And a general in the army.

Yes, you're Kemal Pash, the terrible Turk,

And chasing Greeks you call your work;

But as Greeks aren't ruff, it's not so tuff,

For a general in the army.

—(P. H. S. Item)

* * * * *

Teacher: "The book states that petrified remains of Roman prisoners have been unearthed in a Roman prison."

Smart Senior: "That's what you would call hardened criminals."

—(Clarion)

* * * * *

A native interpreter in Egypt had been given leave of absence but overstayed his time. He wrote a note to his employer, explaining the reason in the following crude but expressive manner: "My absence is impossible. Someone has removed my wife. My God, I am annoyed."

—(Progress)

* * * * *

Inquisitive: "I saw your ad in which you said you wanted a boy to help retail canaries."

Owner: "Yes, are you ready to go to work?"

Inquisitive: "I don't want the job. What I want to know is how they lose their tails."

—(P. H. S. Item)



The high school paper was probably started as a medium of news between the different classes of the average school. Soon it broadened to include a distinctly literary field as well. Such has been the case of the *Record*. Way back in the dark ages, say years ago, Mr. Tighe, late Custodian of the school, had a small pamphlet printed to give the news of the Boston School Regiment. In those days English High made up two of the four battalions. Then, as company grew to battalion, and battalion to regiment, and regiment to Cadet Corps, the paper became a part of English. Other papers have had different evolutions. The "M" from Mechanic Arts High School, St. Paul, started as a Senior class annual. Gradually it began to be published twice a year, then bi-monthly, and from now on this exchange will be issued every month. In other schools, notably in the West, there have developed two distinct branches, one of which has become a news weekly or bi-weekly, the other a literary monthly or quarterly. A characteristic group of this kind from Pasadena, Cal., is the "P. H. S. Chronicle" (weekly) and the "Item" (monthly), both among the best exchanges we have received. In the magazines that accentuate the literary side we find two outstanding groups, those that specialize in 200 to 700 word sketches, and those that encourage longer stories. Then for the newsbearing class, we find that the main purpose may be easily overdone. We hope that the *Record* is a happy medium.

* * * * *

PANORAMA, Binghamton Central H. S., N. Y.:—To Station PBN, that "radio" exchange is a unique idea, and A. T. the snappiest announcer we have yet listened in to. Auditorium Notes are more in the line of School Notes. Why not combine the two? We note that this school is a member of the Eastern Inter-scholastic Publications Association, and that its editor-in-chief and business manager both attended the Second Annual Convention, held recently at Cornell. Magazines from the schools represented were judged, several lectures and informal discussions were held, and the presses of the "Cornell Daily Sun" were visited.

* * * * *

Q, Quincy High School, Ill.:—It seems that you have a commendable interest in your Junior highs when you devote five pages to them. The Christmas cover design is interesting, but we never knew that Q. H. S. "doth bestride the narrow world like a Colossus," according to the first cut. You have a large joke department, considering your size.

CLARION, West Roxbury H. S., Boston:—Your school activities and notes are very well written up, and the reports are as complete as could be desired. Your literary department well balances the rest of your paper. It seems that story writing contests are quite popular. Wouldn't that poem "New Year Bells" be as attractive in some other place than in the editorial column?

* * * * *

BROCKTONIA, Brockton High School, Mass.:—Your sketches are all interesting, and you have a fine literary department in general. The athletic write-ups are like those penned by experts. Yes, we can "laugh at the age of the jokes." We are pleased to see that Brockton High School students are becoming four-minute speakers. During a "Community Chest" week, when contributions for the year are gathered for and divided among the charities, about twenty students were delegated to stir up interest, not only among their classmates, but also in different parts of the city. Evidently the campaign was a success.

* * * * *

M, Mechanic Arts H. S., St. Paul:—The snow on your cover makes us feel chilly, so realistic does it seem. We are pleased to see that you are now going to come to us every month. Your photographs and cuts lend a lot of charm to your well finished magazine. That's some studio Ted's got! We are pleased to see that the M takes its place in the Minnesota High School Press Association. How about putting your jokes in a column by themselves?

* * * * *

PROGRESS, East Side Evening H. S., N. Y. City:—Your alumni column commands our instant attention. We enjoyed seeing a real interesting column of news and witticisms instead of twice as long a column of merely catalogued pages. Besides this you have both interesting and practical articles.

* * * * *

IROQUOIS, Glens Falls High School, N. Y.:—Your stories are entertaining and your "Foolishment" is the best column of humorous sketches we have as yet noticed. We think that the majority of schools give a separate column and cut to athletics. Don't you like the idea? Instead of just receiving comments from other magazines, why don't you get busy and give some yourself in return?

* * * * *

AS WE ARE SEEN

ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL RECORD—You certainly are there with your cartoons! Your exchange department is the best yet, and your jokes are really funny!

Radiator, Somerville H. S.

* * * * *

THE RECORD is from Boston English High. Your sketches are very amusing. Boston English High seems to be very much interested in sports. Don't you think you could have better arrangement in your paper?

Brocktonia, Brockton H. S.

* * * * *

THE RECORD, English High School, Boston—You have an exceedingly interesting and well balanced paper:

Clarion, West Roxbury H. S.

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An application blank will be found inside the back cover of the catalog. Copies will also be mailed upon request. These should be forwarded to the school at an early date.

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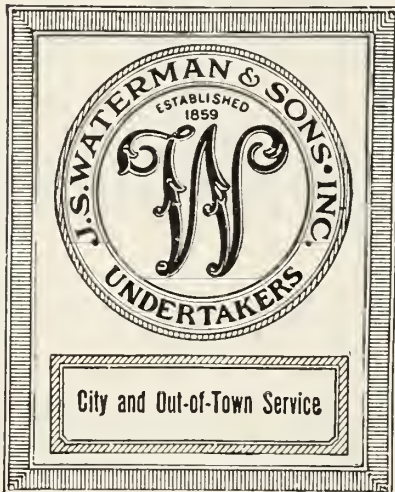
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4. Last August the Cavalry Squadron in addition to the mounted drills and reviews went out on a two day's march, camping overnight in the shelter tents which a cavalryman carries strapped to his saddle.

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7. Nearly all the men had a chance to shoot the rifle and pistol on the target ranges and on top of all that there were educational films by The General Staff Corps and free movie shows.

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